HAT TO WRITE PUZZLES CRITIC

Hop o' My Thumb' Slow Entertainment

AMERICAN "PUNCH"

max Was Too Weak to Put Before a Public Educated to the Wonders of the New York Hippodrome.

By Vanderheyden Fyles

(old: music by Ma	Sims, Frank Dix and Ar- version by Sydney Ro- nuel Klein. (Menhatten
or	DeWalf Hopper Raiph Aoath Walter S. Willis Neel McNeal Albert Hert Charles M. Hinton Viols Gillette Eva Fallon Texas Guinan Marie Clifford Ross Snow Tris Hawkins
American TA	DY"-A play by Charles ey. (Fulton theater.)
W. Cannell Traces y Parker m Weatherbee Fitrpatrick McMshon again Merrill y Sauborn Steele Sanborn Herrit Wantworth Poeter Buchausa	Lowis Stone William H. Sams Robert Cain Albert Sackeit Join Cumberland William Foran Frank Spirestor Albert Sackeit Heary Thompson George Abbott Robert Graves. Jr. Tuez Buck Alice Wilson Gladys Wilson Jane Quinn Frances Savaga
WINNER SHRINE	-A play in four sets by

Harry P Waple

Harry P Waple
Albert Andruss
Edwin Dudley
William S Fhillips
Frederick Bond, Jr.
Roy K, Hollingshead
Arthur Newberry
Charles Woods Marlow
Jack Molross
Bernard P, Widmann
M Justina Wayne
Josephina Cass

Edward Combermere John Harwood Montagu Love

HAT is one to say about "Hor o'My Thumb?" For many years to dea has prevailed that "The ack Crook" was no longer up-to-te; that punning rhymes were as at and reverently buried as their ster-maker, H. J. Byron; that wame Bomfantl was an old, old y, teaching dancing to girls who ght have been her grandchildren great-granddaughters. But all this a delusion. Several managers twice or thrice as many authors d composers have come forward in "Hop o' My Thumb." One old atleman, who came to the theater an invalid's chair, said the plece a "out-of-date by several seasons"; rest of us were dumb with won-

Are put on at Drury Lane and r London theaters. They are popular. Repeatedy, the effort been made to gain America r for them. When the ventures d, faithful Britishers and still te vehement Anglomaniacs have te vehement Anglomaniacs have len to declare the pieces had been occessy. Americanized. "Hop o' Thumb" has not. Parring a half-ten political allusions, there was bing American about the long en-taliment, which is as slow as jus-and the property of the state of the state of the angle of the state and as soggy as steak-and-kid-

be and as soggy as steak-and-kid-pudding.

After an overture by a large and
assy orchestra that aimost made
a smell the reanula, the theater was
thened and two fernale figures
the extrain. They were dressed
the most respected mode of Christtree fairles, each with an elec-light in the front of her blonds. They addressed us alternately bymed couplets, made in Birming-to. Their voices and enunciations,

By Vanderneyden Fyles

O My THUMB"—A fairy tale. In two
By Guorge R. Sims. Fraik Dix and ArColline: American version by Sydney RoGid: music by Manuel Klein. Olomiastran
Review.

O May THUMB"—A fairy tale. In two
By Guorge R. Sims. Fraik Dix and ArColline: American version by Sydney RoGid: music by Manuel Klein. Olomiastran
Review.

O May Manuel Klein. Olomiastran
Review.

Walter S. Willis
Raiph Austin
Robert M. Hinton
Viola Gillette
Viola Gillette
Viola Gillette
Viola Gillette
Viola Gillette
Ross Saow
Marie Clifford
M

IN the next scene, Prince Charm-

IN the next scene, Prince Charming, on this occasion known as Earl Hilario, came in at the head of a hunting party or outlaw band or something else in green tights. The Earl was a buxom matron, with marvelously tapering less and a contraito voice. He-she changed its tights for every scene, which must have meant a lot of work for an earl of he-she's age. Of course, the earl fell immediately into vocal love with Mirabelle, who appeared to be a princess in disguise, or in distress, or something. Nobody seemed to have an idea who her father might be or to what kingdom she belonged; but no one had the least doubt she was a princess. She sang frequently on this point. Accompanying her was an unsightly baroness, impersonated by a man, so we would know it was a comic character. Then there were a couple of agile, graceful dancing men with feathers on their clothes. They were birds (I am not speaking in the slang sense!) and hurried onto the stage whenever they found it otherwise unoccupied. Having hitched up with the tighted earl, the princess in disguise, the ugly baroness and the birdhen, Hop sent his brothers home and set off on a tour of pantomime ruins, more or less "personally conducted" by the Fairy Queen. This got them to Castle Grim, where the Ogre lived. That terrifying man had the tastier morsels that came his way cooked for dinner and the less toothsome put into cold storage, so to speak, in the form of being turned into statues. Hop was regarded as too small a mite to be worth cooking; but, my, oh, my, what a spluttering and spitting there would have been if the Ogre had fried the Earl Hillario in his-her's own fat! But the earl was spared to live a life of many more tights. Besides, the six scenes of the first act had to come to an end with the Garden of Statuers, But this climax was a poor and paliry business to put before a public that has had the wonders of the Hippodrome before it eight or nine months of every year.

DE WOLF HOPPER'S name promised something more diverting in the second act. Up to that point, the best thing in the piece was Iris the best thing in the piece was Iris Hawkins, an astoundingly diminutive actress, brought from England for the title-role. Though unnaturally small, she is well-formed, and has a piquant, rather than a pretty, face. Its ability to express changing meeds and emotions is exceptional; often it has a wistful, sad look that gave a sort of Peter Pannish charm to a character that really was as empty as the others.

the others.

The entertainment was half way on The entertainment was half way on the road to midnight the hour at which the first performance ended, before a cast including Eva Fallon, Texas Guinan (of "get thin quick" advertising). Viola Gillette, Flavia Arcaro, Albert Hart and Ross Snow, was augmented by De Wolf Hopper, His good voice and fine diction brought out the imbecility of the "topical" lyrics allotted to him in all its nakedness; but he contrived occasionally to inject some of his own bright fun-making into the British gloom, notably in a dance with tiny Miss Hawkins, in which she pretended to lift his great bulk into the air



By S. Clifford in "Bel.eve Me," at the Salt Lake theater next Friday aturday, with Saturday matinee.



Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton in a scene in his latest success, "The Rainbow," at the Salt Lake theater on December 15, 16 and 17.

were Genee. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Hopper got no chance to make a speech; and Hopper without his curtain speech is as unsatisfying as "Hamlet" with the soilloquies omitted.

"Hamfet" with the soliloquies omitted.

The managers of the Manhattan opera house made a great and deserved success with their first venture, "The Whip," which ran throughout last season to exceptional prosperity; and there is reason to hope they will succeed as well with their next metodrama from Drury Lane! But they have made a mistake in "Hop o' My Thumb." If this is a typical London pantonime, the style of entertainment is too archiac for America. It had begun to grow old-fashioned before the Russell brothers lost their girlish laughter.

BESIDES Shakespeare, the week D has brought us an entirely new play from England and two of Ameriplay from England and two of American authorship. As one of the latter is by Channing Pollock and Basil King and the other by Charles Goddard and Paul Dickey, there was reason to expect good entertainment. The latter authors, who are entertaining thousands with the wild, untrammeled nonsense of their burlesses maindrama, called "The trammeled nonsense of their burleaque melodrama, called "The
"Ghost-Breaker," do not shy at incredible extravagance. Indeed, they
eat it alive. Their new piece, called
"The Misleading Lady," and acted
at the Fulton, is all about a girl
named Helen Steele though she
might better have been christened
Helen Blazes. At the same time,
Steele would not have been a bad
name for Jack Craigen, who carries
her off to the mountains. I happens this way: Jack has had five
years of it at far-off Patagonia.
Returning and joining a house party
on the Hudson, he is easy prey for years of it at far-off Patagonia. Returning and joining a house party on the Hudson, he is easy prey for Helen, whose sport in life is bringing susceptible man to her feet. She has no trouble whatsoever with her latest victim; that is, until he discovers she is merely amusing herself. His resentment only makes her entertainment greater. She laughs at his ignorance of women; suggests that he put a specimen under glass and study her, and winds up by declaring he will never capture a woman except by the Patagonian caveman method of a knotty club. At which Jack does no less than take her at her word Switching off the lights, he rolls her in a motor rug, binds her securely: throws her into his machine, and carries her off to his camp in the Adirondacks! The rest of the house party pursue the caveman and his captive through the remainder of the play, but do not overtake them until he has given a spirited, if wholly un-Shakespearean, nerformance of "The Taming of the Shrew" Such a plot delights the laddes in the audience, 99 per cent of whom, at heart, charish the desire to be brutally abducted. It was nothing less than painful, therefore, to see them when the play was over being gently and respectfully taken home in trolley cars or on foot.

CHANNING POLLOCK, who turns CHANNING POLLOCK, who turns out plays so numerously that, presumably, he writes them with both feet as well as with both hands went to "The Inner Shrine," that popular novel of three or four seasons ago, for his latest story. He has stuck close to the narrative which Basil King published anonymously, in a rather unworthy, but successful, effort for advertisement; indeed, Mr. Pollock might have made a more compact, dramatic play had he been less faithful to the original. On the other hand, readers of the novel—and there have been mairy, many thousands of them—doubtless would resent any vital deviations from the story. The opening chapter of the novel becomes the first act of the play; really, rather more a prologue. The scene is Diane Eveleth's drawing room in Paris; the body of the act concerns itself with Diane's enternalment of her gay and shallow friends; the climax comes with the announcement of her husband's death. act concents that wan believe tertainment of her gay and shallow friends; the chimax comes with the announcement of her husband's death, shot in a duel in defense of his wife's good name. Dians falls over the telephone; the curtain falls to the stage; and the audience falls to chattering of the outcome.

The next two acts pass in Derek Pruyn's home in New York; and the tawdry, red, red scenery strikes the most tragic note of the piece. Diane is a member of the household, acting as chaperon to Derek's daughter. The wicked Bienville comes into her life again, this time as Derek's guest. Thenceforward, as in the novel, all the other characters endeavor to make

Thenceforward, as in the novel, all the other characters endeavor to make the Frenchman retract his lies about Diane. The end comes on the veranch of the Lakeville Inn, an admirable "act," when difficulties are swept away by Derek overhearing a conversation between Diane and Bienville, in which he speaks the truth. THE fourth character to be brought THE fourth character to be brought forward by Cyrli Maude in the course of his interesting season at Wallack's is not from his London repertoire. In fact, "Grumpy" has never been acted in that city, where it was intended for the Playhouse this month, before Mr. Maude decided to sublet that fashionable theater to Marie Tempest, presenting Henry Arthur Jones's latest play, and venture a tour of America. Until the other exeming, "Grumpy" had been asted only twice, once in Glassgow, the week before Mr. Maude selled for this country, and once in Montreal, immediately after his ar-

Montreal, immediately after his ar-

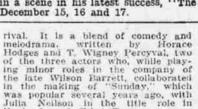
rival. It is a blend of comedy and melodrama, written by Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval, two of the three actors who, while playing minor roles in the company of the late Wilson Barrett, collaborated in the making of "Sunday," which was popular several years ago, with Julia Neilson in the title role in England, and Ethel Barrymore over here.

The character called Grumpy is our The character called Grumpy is our old friend and favorite with actors of the John Hare-J. E. Dodson school, the elderly, gruff, crusty gentleman who does his utmost to hide his kindly heart. The more he barks the less he hites. Mr. Maude may be accepted as the ultimate successor to the dignitles of John Hare when that the old actor makes his "retirement". the dignities of John Hare when that fine old actor makes his "retirement" permanent, instead of intermittent. In the classics, he has gained cordial recognition in several roles identified with Sir John—Sir Peter Teasle in "The School for Scandal." Sam Carridge in "Caste," which role Hare "created" in his youth, in the first performance of that play, and Eccles in the same piece. When, twenty years ago, Sir John became afraid of popular opinion and decided to produce "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," it being taken over by the more courageous Alexander, Mr. Maude was engaged for Cayley Drummle, the character designed for the older actor-manager. And pres-

criminal cases. A robbery, with vio-lence, occurs in his own house; and it rekindles in bim all his old-time cuthusiasm, keenness and alertness. He investigates the case himself;

Drummle, the character designed for the older actor-manager. And presently, during his American engagement, Mr. Maude will court comparison with Hare again by undertaking to impersonate Goldsmith's ingenuous Vicar of Wakefield. Without going into the question of how high or low the place in histrionic art belonging to infinitely elaborate, wholly artificial acting, it may be said that no finer exemplar of it than Mr. Maude has appeared within the memory of the present generation. A NDREW BULLIVANT, dubbed Grump, is a retired lawyer, famous in his day for his success in

owned by the villainous vestryman. The state militia has been called out and a striker's daughter killed. The owner appears and orders the clergyman to drop his socialistic views, or lose his church, and incidentally, the ultimately, runs the thief to





iterary masterpiece, the first series of which, in five reels, comprising the books of "Jean Valjean" and "Fantine," comes to the American theater Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

earth. This miscreant is none other than an unsuspected guest in his own house. The man had contrived to get inside as part of an elaborately laid scheme. He and his pais had watched the return of Bullivant's nephew from Africa, whence he had been sent by his firm to secure a large diamend of great value. Reaching his uncle's house, which he been sent by his him to secure a large dilamond of great value. Reaching his uncle's house, which he deems safer than a hotel, the young man receives a telegram, arranging for a meeting with his principals next morning. Late that night, when sitting in the library, he sees a shadow on the window blind. He cautiously proceeds to investigate, but the next moment a gloved land slips in at the door and switches off the electric light. (No, this play is not a reversal of "The Misleading Lady," with a suffragette bagging the sightly youth and carrying him off to a Funkhurst cave.) A fight in the dark ensues, indeed, the blackness is so dense that we ourselves are unaware who knocked out the young man, tobbed him of the precious diamond, and left him prostrate on the fisor, where presently a streak of firelight reveals him.

From that point on a senuine mystery is worked out bit by bit before our eyes. Grumpy gets his first successful clew from a flower. The injured man was found clutching a white camellia in his hand, whereas a maid servant remembers positively that he was wearing another sort of flower in his coat that evening. She is sure because she helped him secure it, when, lacking anything else, she tied the stem with a long hair from her own head. There is a subject concerning Margery Maude, who appears as her father's grand-daughter. The thief, in order to avert public exposure, in case his

minister, is in love. That young woman bobs into the plot long enough to affirm her love and constancy to the rector, and to egg him on to more ovations on the working man. Then one of the latter looks in, none other, in fact, than the striker whose daughter has been shot. He is for killing the milli-owner; but the Rev. Mr. Irvine interrupts him with a somerous flow of words. He tells the milli-hand he is as much to blame for the conditions as his employer. "You helped elect the governor who sent the millith," announces Mr. Irvine. "You workmen placed the appressor's heel on your own necks." (Applause from the sudience; and such emotion in the striker's breast that he lets his revolver fall to the floor.) "It is the ballot-box," goes on the clargyman, "that will put the whip into your hunds as masters. By a combined workingman's vote you can save the world." (Applause and cheera.)

These words immediately convert the vestryman; the mill-hand loses all desire to kill; the clerkyman retains his church and his engagement to the girl; the strike is virtually at an end, and the dove of seace flutters over all. At the end of the playlet, which was preceded by Van Hoven, the mad maxician, and followed by a team of cabaret singars, the lev. Mr. Irvine responded to a demand for a speech. "I have lived in New York for twenty-five years," he said, "and have done everything from driving a milk-cart to appearing on Mr. Hammerstein's stage. And I am not through yet. I want to tell you that the world behind the footlights is as human, as kind as noble of purpose, as any I have ever known."

Coming attraction: Anna Held's Daughter.

hand of his daughter, with whom the minister, is in love. That young woman bobs into the plot long enough

AT THE THEATERS

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

of the dead woman. The girl's innocence is established after her arrest by
the photograph, which discloses that a
pet monkey avenged an injury by stabbing the woman.

An exciting scene with a maniac is
presented in "Jane's Brother, the Paranoiac." The maniac imagines he is
under obligation to execute "Oliver
Cromwell" and is about to kill his sister's sweetheart when the girl shoots
the ax from his hand. "An Elephant
on His Hands" is an amusing comedy, in
which a huge "pet" drives a family from
home.

home.
"Hubby's New Coat," another comedy completes the bill.

HE Hand That Coudemns," a detective story of remarkable intensity and power, will be featured at the Mehesy today and tomorrow. The drama is in three acts and tells the story of Ernest Hastings, a young Englishman who, through his infatuation for a beautiful actress, has plunged deeply into debt. In or-der to satisfy his ereditors he forges his father's name to a check and causes ans father's name to a check and causes suspicion to fall on the young secretary. Later, when again in need of money, he enters his uncle's home in disguise, kills the old man, helps himself to the contents of the safe and makes good his escape. Eventually, through the work of a clever detective, the criminal is caught and confesses his crime. This tragic story of a son's ingratitude is presented by an all-star cast and is full of intense scenes and gripping climaxes. A biograph farce comedy, "The Fallen Hero," concludes the programme the programme

DRAMATIC NEWS AND COMMENT

asks.

The lawyer scrutinizes the portrait.

"The likeness is still there," he replies.

"But of course your daughter is almost a woman now. Very dainty, very graceful, very beautiful." As he speaks these words, he studies the portrait.

For all practical purposes the ivory

robbery is found out, attempts to compromise the girl.

WITH the press of worthier enterprises, I could not get to see "The Rector of St. Jude's" until its week at Hammerstein's was nearly over. I should not have been brokenhearted had the press been just a little pressinger. Having edified us with Evelyn Thaw, the "Shooting Showgirls," a guaranteed peeress of Great Britain in bare feet, the Half-Woman, a warbling nobleman from Scotland, etc., Mr. Hammerstein now entertains us with an amateur actor possessing the prefix "Reverend" to his name. The Hev. Alexander Irvine used to be "night preacher" at the church of the Ascension, on lower Fifth Avenue, but lost his position because of the socialistic tendencies of his doctrines; or, as the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant expressed it, because of a "nervous vestry." That may explain why the villain of "The Rector of St. Jude's," written by Mr. Irvine and ostensibly based on his own experience, is a wealthy vestryman. The programme announces. "From Pulpit to Stage. First appearance Rev. Alexander Irvine and company (formerly rector of the church of the Ascension)". The scene is the office of the rector of St. Jude's, and Mr. Irvine, in his vestments, enters to the tune of church bells. Presently, we learn a strike is waging in the mills owned by the villainous vestryman. The state milital bas been called out WITH the press of worthier enter-



Gaby Deslys, who comes to the Salt Lake theater for one performance, De cember 19.

case that is handed-across the desk migh case that is handed across the desk might contain any photograph that happened to fit, or no photograph at all. But what it does contain is a photograph of Ruth Chatterton, the girl who plays the daughter, taken when she was 6 years old. Mr. Miller incurred considerable expense in a search of photograph studios to obtain this forgotten picture of little Miss Chatterton.

Most people would consider his insistence on realism in this particular a sheer waste of time and energy. Mr. Miller's explanation of his hobby is that it helps the actor in his play to "feel" their roles.

Stage realism that audiences cannot see is a fad in which few producing managers induige. One of the few is Henry Miller, whose productions set a standard in the American theater and whose devotion to realism is characteristic.

"The Rainbow," which Mr. Miller will bring, offers an interesting example of realism that can be appreciated only by the actors on the stage. In the first scene of the play Mr. Miller, in the role of the father of the story, is told by his lawyer that his daughter, whom he has not seen since she was a baby, is coming to visit him. The father is anxious to know what sort of a girl has taken the place of the baby he had loved.

He opens a desk and produces an ivory ploture frame. "Here is a picture of Cynthia, taken when she was six years old. Tell me, is she much changed?" he asks.

The lawyer servitinizes the portrait.

y just after she is said to have had an atter with ex-King Manuel of Portugal.

"There are only three things in life that I cannot dispense with," Charles Frohman was saying between acts one night hat ye at the rehearsal of "The stimulant of surgence quality-Gold Medias from three streams was saying between acts one night hat help at the rehearsal of "The stimulant of surgence quality-Gold Medias from three streams was to provide the say of the second is food and the third is an empty theater when I rehearse." It was at this moment that Mr. Maugham, and tell him that neither the author of the play nor its producer expected tonight to see him hide his light under a tall hat." Shoth men were talking in the dilmiy lighted auditorium of the practically deserted Garden theater; and while they were talking a carefully dressed individual had entered and had quietly taken a seat, at the same time removing a highly polished top hat. It was to this individual that Mr. Maugham said, "We did not expect to find you wearing that kind of a hat tonight, Mr. Tharp." My name is not Tharp; I am the manager of the theater. I represent the Garden Theater estate," said the owner of the top hat. And then Mr. Frohman, who had moved over from another part of the theater, remarked: "Well, in that case I will have to remind you that I particularly rented the theater for tonight without fixtures: that is the way the contracts read. All I asked for and still wish is an empty theater." Whereupon the owner of the top hat took his top hat in hand and went home.

"Beauty to my mind, is purely an expression of primitive fact in nature," said Miss Maire O'Neill, who has been described by J. B. Yeats, the Irish portrait planter, as the most perfect type of Irish beautty.

"The element of grace, of happiness, of the said of the Irving relies. For

HARD CRUST ON BABY'S HEAD

Little Pimples All Over Body. Fret-ted All the Time. Itched So Could Not Sleep. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment One Month and He Was Entirely Well.

Princylle, Ore. — "My baby had a hard crust on top of his head. It started by little sores and all over his body he had little pimules. His body was one mass of sores and he fretted



all the time. It Itched so badly that he could not sleep. "I tried so many remedles and they all failed; none helped him. The trouble had lasted for three months before I used Cutleura Scap and Ointment. As soon as I used

them it was only an hour when he felt re-Hef; he went to sleep and slept sound. I only used Cuticura Soap and Cintment one month and he was entirely well." (Signed) Mrs. Alice Rachor, Sept. 24, 1912.

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The following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Cintment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the tollet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores Sold throughout the world. Sample of each malled free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soao will find it best for skin and scaln



painter, as the most perfect type of Irish beauty.

"The element of grace, of happiness, of joy in living, is the chief attribute of all beauty in human form, just as it is for that matter in the breed of a fine horse or a fine dog.

"I have little patience with the woman who achieves beauty with artifical effect. Personally, and if it is at all true that I am a type of Irish beauty. I can living way that I feel very sorry for the girls I have left behind in Ireland. I wish I could show you a real Irish beauty.

While George Arliss was playing in Washington in "Disraeli," President

that I am a type of Irish beauty. I can only say that I feel very sorry for the girls I have left behind in Ireland. I wish I could show you a real Irish beauty. "Beauty in a woman to my mind, is primarily health, strength, freshness of complexion and splendid vitality. The nain and sunshine which sometimes come upon us in Ireland, almost simultaneously, are the cosmetics of Irish beauty. It is in the open air like the Irish heather that the Irish girl gets all her contrast of color, brightness of expression and her clear eyes. Ng doubt, her quick imagination stimulates the changing moods of her face. Beauty in a woman is after all, not only her smile, it is to be found in her many smiles, in her moments of sorrow, in the swittness of thinking heart.

"Being an actress does not compel a woman to manufacture beauty. The slenderness of her form, and the agility of her movements, are also of the outdoor life so dear to the Irish people.

"Though the Irish girl has her share of spiritual enjoyment and spiritual vision, but an addition of the world, she is nearest to the heart of spiritual enjoyment and spiritual vision, but her world, she is nearest to the heart of spiritual enjoyment and spiritual vision, but have upon the tish girl has her share of spiritual enjoyment and spiritual vision, but have upon the tish girl has her share of spiritual enjoyment and spiritual vision, but an adventure fame and fortune, to be his principal standard-bearers in a campaign to disturb fame and fortune, to be his principal standard-bearers in a campaign to disturb fame and fortune, to be his principal standard-bearers in a campaign to disturb fame and fortune, to be his principal standard-bearers in a campaign to disturb fame and fortune, to be his principal standard-bearers in a campaign to disturb fame and fortune, to be his principal standard-bearers in a campaign to disturb fame and fortune, to be his principal standard-bearers in a campaign to disturb fame and fortune, to be his principal standard-bearers in a campaign to d

FREE TO YOU-MY SISTER Free to You and Every Sister Suf-



MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.